BLUE GRASS BLADE.

DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.
THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION—TOM PAINE.
AN HONEST GOD IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF MAN—INGERSOLL.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS. | PUBLISHED WEEKLY; $1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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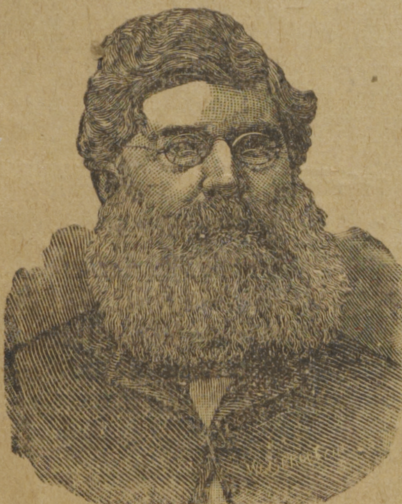

Charles C Moore
Editor

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CHARLES C. MOORE.

"THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the wrecks upon either bank of this stream of death—of the suicides, of insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this [illegible]sh thing.

[illegible]n you think of the jails, of [illegible]s, of the prisons, and of [illegible]pon either bank, I do [illegible]very thoughtful man [illegible]st the damned stuff

[illegible] INGERSOLL.

1001 APOLOGIES [CONDITIONAL]

To Editod William K. Polk, My True Tried and Trusted Friend for Thirty-Five Years.

And Our Wives Were College Mates And Friends Before He and I Knew Each Other.

There's blood on the moon,
In Kentucky.
The fun will be soon,
In Kentucky.
There'll be fighting and gore,
And carnage galore,
Between Polk and Moore,
In Kentucky.

* * * * *

Lexington, Ky., April 19, 1902.

C. C. Moore, Editor Blade.

In your issue of March 23rd, appears the following, which was incorporated in some comments you made on a paper called "The Broad Ax."

"I sketched over the piece and the ending of it was about the best of it. It reminded me of Polk's whisky.

"W. H. Polk is an editor in Lexington and like all Lexington editors (except me) knows good whisky. He was traveling once and somebody handed him a flask of one of the outside brands of whisky and said: "Try that; it's got the finest farewell you ever tasted."

Polk sampled it, made a wry face and said: "It ought to have a fine farewell; [illegible] got the damndest howdy-do I ever tasted."

I want to say that a publisher has no right by a reflection—even a joking one—on the sobriety of another, especially when the other is, and always has been a friend. True, here at home, where all know both the editor and myself, this joke would have no other effect than to provoke a laugh, especially with those who know that I am a reformed journalist, and that I no longer associate with politicians, Kentucky Colonels and other wicked characters who from time immemorial have pressed the "flowing bowl" upon those who wielded the pencil on newspapers, causing many of the latter to become devoted worshippers at the shrine of John Barleycorn.

Therefore in self defense, I write you this, asking you—in fact demanding that you—correct the wrong impression you have sent broadcast in regard to my sobriety.

Having known you so long and intimately and always entertaining the highest opinion of your real honesty, I can only attribute this mistake on your part to your forgetfulness of what I really did tell you about that drink. By some peculiar mental operation you substituted me for another man. I told you the story, but not upon myself. I told you that the man who took the drink made the remark to the barkeeper about the quality of the whisky. I was not a party to the transaction at all. So it is one of two things; either you got it mixed or you saw a good opportunity to stretch the blanket and get off a joke on me.

In either case you have hurt my reputation, and no matter what your motive was, in so doing, you owe me an apology and I shall expect it. I have been trying to live an upright, sober life, and drinking nothing stronger than tea and coffee, and believe that you will see your way clear to do me justice.

I have always belived in the code as the only effectual mode by which to hold gentlemen responsible for injuries they may do others. If it were still in vogue we should see less slandering and villification (I follow the spelling of the manuscript—Moore) of others in the public prints and there would be no hiding of the authors of such publications behind the plea that they "do not believe in duelling." (His spelling—Moore) that it is 'barbarous," &c.

If you feel that you have unwillingly done me an injustice and are willing to make the amende, that you cannot but recognize as due me, it will be satisfactory to me. Yous truly,

W. H. POLK.

ANSWER.

To Editor W. H. Polk, Esq.

Dear Sir:—What I shall here say is subject to the following proviso. If there be in your mind even the remotest suspicion that what I here say is suggested by the thought that "Discretion is the better part of valor," every word that smacks of apology is withdrawn, and I leave you to get the redress that you may desire as best you may and by such means as you may select, you are the only man, to the best of my knowledge and belief, that I ever asked to write a piece for my paper, and this is the first time you have ever done so. The communication is so diametrically opposed to what I would have anticipated that, after several careful readings of it, I am unable to say whether it is all joke, all earnest or part joke and part earnest.

You are a soldier of four years spotless record as a brave man. Your participancy in the tragic street pistol duel between Editor Tom Green and politician Lou Baldwin was the most unselfish piece of heroism that I have known in my 65 years. I witnessed it at short range. The smoke was such that you did not see and could not know who the principles were, and yet you went in empty-handed to separate them. When the smoke cleared away Baldwin lay dead, and Green lay beside him, the blood spurting from several wounds, and you were shot.

For that single deed, on that spot, this State owes you a monument to which I would subscribe, according to my means, more than it does to John C. Breckinridge, who stands in bronze on Cheapside.

I am sorry you used that word "demand" and I do not believe that in all this city there is an editor or a soldier of the "blue" or the "gray" who will say I owe you any apology, but if after having enjoyed for 35 years your friendship, unmarred by word or thought, excepting this possible instance, I have done anything that in the least hurts your feelings, I gladly add to the apology you ask and "demand," a thousand more.

You are morally intellectually and physically a man worthy of any man's steel.

If I had to be hung or produce in Judge Parker's court evidence that he would accept as competent to the effect that you ever tasted a drop of liquor in your life I would, literally, be "at the end of my rope." I do not remember ever to have seen in you, or heard from you, anything that indicated you had used liquor, and yet, I suppose, that like almost every Kentuckian you have sampled the chief staple product of our State. You make no pretension to being a tin angel on wheels, and yet I do not remember that I ever heard anybody say you had said or done anything that I would hesitate to say or do today, and print it in my paper. I am not given to eulogy—am too much the other way, but I do not know a man in the whole broad world whose friendship I would not surrender as willingly as I would yours. Even your letter printed above contained the usual budget of extracts that you regularly send me to assist me in the publication of my paper.

The first copy of the Blue Grass Blade that was ever printed fell from the press at midnight in 1884. You were the first man who ever read a copy of the "B. G. B." and your hearty appreciation of it was the first thing that cheered me—down-hearted then as I am now and ever will be—to believe it would be a success.

Your wife and mine were friends and college mates before you and I ever heard of each other, and it would be worse than suicide for you and me now to become enemies because I printed an old chestnut that had whiskers on it longer than mine.

Yours fraternally,

CHARLES C. MOORE.

P. S.—Since the above was written I have come back to my office and find from Jim that Polk's letter is all a joke, and, of course, I am gratified to find it so, but I am glad it afforded me an opportunity to say some things about an old friend that I wanted to say anyhow. You all may think I am a fool for not having seen the joke in the first place, but I have had so many strange experiences in which friends have deserted me that the fact is I don't know who is coming next, and I was really fooled by Polk's letter. It's a horse on me and Polk and I will both get drunk over it.

Vindication of the Rights of Woman. With strictures on political and moral subjects. By Mary Wollstonecraft. New edition, with an introduction by Mrs. Henry Fawcett. Cloth, $1.

MORE CAMPBELLITE

Deacons In the "Investment Company" Biz.

By universal consent of all those who have been robbed—which are nearly every body in Lexington that could raise a dollar—the "investment company" fellows are regarded as the worst gang of thieves that ever struck the town.

Old Spencer's Campbelite gospel shop supplies three of them, and Spencer is supposed to be the sky-buster whose name was left blank in the "Democrat" who preached in favor of the investment company his boys were running.

The three fellows in his gang that struck it rich in the investment company biz, are Arnspiger, Cropper and Dr. Donelson. I only know the first and last—first two are deacons that pass around the meat and blood of J. C. and the missionary box, and the last is the choir leader, a job that raises more hell to the square yard, among the good looking sistren of the church than anything on earth. There has been more deviltry plotted between men and women in organ lofts while the preacher has his eyes shut praying than [illegible] forty times the same space on Meg[illegible]n street. Donaldson is a tooth carp[illegible]er, and is a saline sample of the "salt [illegible]f the earth." I don't know Cropper or know anything about him—might be a comparatively honest man for all I know to the contrary, but Arnspiger is a daisy—have to quit to get this in the rural delivery mail.

FROM HALLELUJAH TO HASH

The following appears in the Lexington Leader from the bright pen of the daughter of my old friend Col. Fitzhugh, Mrs. Daisy Fitzhugh Ayres. She is a daisy from Daisyville. Don't know whether she fits you, but she fits me, and if there are any ayers about her they are the brand I like.

The [illegible] is an extract from what [illegible] Washington, D. C.:

"Miss Marie Barnes has secured two large suites of apartment in the handsome new Mendota Flats, on Wyoming avenue, where she is conducting a delightful boarding establishment."

Miss Marie is the daughter of my old preaching chum Rev. George O. Barnes. Both of us were cranks—old Brother George has jined Dowie now you know—but he and I were the best two preachers that Kentucky ever produced—fact is, it takes a crank to make a preacher of any account.

Miss Marie has made more pretty pius music out of her throat and a little organ about as big as a Saratoga trunk that she used to carry around with her than any woman who ever lived in America. And she was so killing sweet to look at, that, under the guise of extra piety, a lot of us old roosters used to follow her around—though really it was nigh onto 40 year ago and none of us were as old then as we are now.

A fellow courted Miss Marie—asked Marie to marry, and she said "I am married to the Lord."

Seems they still call her "Miss" any how.

Heavenly music is mighty sweet some times, but when a fellow is good hungry grub—even of boarding house brand is beter.

Once there was a fellow at a restaurant who found a cuff button in his plate of soup, and he called up the nigger waiter to complain about it, and the nigger said "I hopes boss dat you don't spect to find a whole set of jewelry in a ten-cent plate of soup."

SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

It will be remembered that not long since I printed a letter from a jeweler, of Wilmington, N. C., in which he claimed to be an Infidel and said he was being maliciously prosecuted by Christians who charged him with having burnt his own store for the insurance money. I asked, in the Blade, that if any body knew of Hauser as being an Infidel, he would inform me about it, and I have gotten no information to that effect. Hauser has now been sent to the penitentiary at Raleigh, N. C.

If any body knows his statement to be true I hope the party will inform me, and we must try to do something for him.

If a man is an Infidel and expects to appeal to Infidels for assistance when he gets into trouble he ought, some how, to have himself on record as an Infidel.

PREACHER IN TROUBLE.

Rev. [illegible] A. Sawyer, pastor of the Methodist Church at Dover, has been suspended from church work until the next meeting of Kentucky conference at London, in September. The Dover Mesenger says:

"The specific charges are: That Rev. Sawyer was guilty of conduct unbecoming a preacher, in allowing a certain married woman, of Covington, now visiting in Dover, to visit him in his study in the church many times, at unseemingly hours at night.—Lexington Democrat.

* * * * *

Comment. — Same old racket; same Methodist preacher and Methodist sister, and same devilment among these sanctified thieves and liars that is going on all the time. The Methodist preacher is the grandest rascal on earth among the women.

SAYS LIVE FOR THE PRESENT, NOT FOR THE FUTURE LIFE.

San Francisco, Cal., Bulletin, April 2, 1902.

Editor The Bulletin:—In the issue of March 16, referring to Kate Austin's article denying immortality, C. Sproal says: "Has she ever considered what relation such a universal belief (or rather disbelief) would have upon mortality and how much harm might come of it?"

It is out of our line to prophesy what might happen if other conditions prevailed. It is far easier to tell what has happened. **It would be difficult indeed to conceive a teaching that could bring about a condition more fatal to happiness in this life, more ruinous to social purity, more destructive of human sympathy, more deleterious to health and morals, more terrorizing to humanity, more disastrous to worldly enterprise, more adverse to scientific research, more crushing to ambitious achievement and more injurious in its effects upon its followers in general than the hoary-headed teaching that we are living for the future life and not the present life; that today's reality must be thrust aside for tomorow's phantom; that our brothers may be crushed to the wall, slain, trampled upon that the fortunate ones may climb to heaven and bliss at the right hand of God, and that we may become liars, thieves, hypocrites for the Kingdom of Heaven's sake.**

Space forbids historical reference [illegible] may be substantiated from any unprejudiced historian of the Christian religion—the special brand of immortality's teaching which comes nearest to us.

When proof can be brought that disbelief in immortality would result in worse conditions, I'm sure dissenters will gracefully retire, but while such proof cannot be brought and while these terrible facts of history are before us, we shall continue to strive for the amelioration of the evils of today; for the enlightenment and progress of the human family in this life, and if immortality be a fact, instead of making a failure of the present life in order to gain the possible future existence, we are content to cross the bridge when we reach it and not before.

Does C. Sproal call immortality "a pretty legend," with the terrible results of its teaching written in letters of blood and flame and the cries of its doubting victims echoing down the centuries?

HARRIET M. CLOSZ.

Webster City, Ia., March 25, 1902.

MISS ALICE MOORE

A Model Young Woman Who Is a Miller.

Near my home lives a man 84 years old who is a miller. His name is Samuel Moore. He is no kin to me. I would be proud to have him my kinsman. He is poor. The mother made great effort to get her children educated and succeeded sp ndidly. Her son married the daughtr of Chief Justice Fuller, of the Supreme Court of the United States. That is the office that is higher than the Presidency of the United States.

Miss Alice Moore is 25 years old. She is worth a dozen such women as Miss Alice Roosevelt.

Miss Alice Moore's father having become too old to attend to business, she manages the whole mill business. She buys all the wheat, superintends its grinding, keeps the books and makes all the sales, principally in Lexington. She is unusually successful as a saleswoman; more so than any man could be, because it is a novelty to see a woman in such business.

Miss Alice Roosevelt breaks a champagne bottle over the prow of a war ship and toadies to royal snobbery. Miss Alice Moore makes flour and is an honor to Kentucky.

Brave Old Infidel Sister.

Sully, Iowa, April 12, 1902.

Mr. C. C. Moore—I enclose 25 cents for Kidder's "Virgin Mary," Mrs. Closz's pamphlet, and 5 cents for luck.

I am an old Infidel, in my 89th year, but I want to do all I can for the cause of freedom and truth. Yours truly,

SUSANNAH GEORGE.

* * * * *

Comment.—One thing I brag on is that only one Infidel woman ever deserted me—that woman who was glad I was in the penitentiary

TALMAGE

"OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU MAUD."

Talmage has handed in his checks. I am not going to jump on a man simply because he is dead—aint built that way—but the fact that a man has gone dead does not relieve him of the responsibility of what he said, and did while he was alive.

If for instance I outlive Rucker I am going to give him an obsequeal roast that will sorter acclimate him for the place he's going to, and if I don't outlive him I want Wilson to give Rucker another turn when he shuffles off the mortal.

Its just as much our moral duty to roast a bad man who has died as it is to praise a good man who has died. The most prominent two preachers in America were Talmage and Sam Jones—the first a smooth article and the latter a rough article, but each of them managed to get the lucre all the same.

The man who starts out to find any good thing that Talmage has ever said or done ought to swear out a search warrant to begin with. Talmage has had money and travel, and store clothes and good grub galore, and now if J. C. knew it all when he got off that racket about sticking a needle through a Campbellite's eye, Talmage and Dives are today chumming it in hell, but nobody but niggers and Irish believe in hell any more, and even the niggers and Irish only believe it's for white people and Chinamen.

Dying words and parting your hair are just alike—they are fads and must be done "en regle." We old Billy goats may cuss around about the young fellows parting their hair in the middle like that old cock said at the Heathen Congress at Cincinnati, that no fellow who parted his hair in the middle should come to see any of his daughters, but the young fellows have to do it all the same.

In the same way the fashion in dying words changes. Used to be that when a Saint like Talmage died he told all about hearing harps plunking, and seeing angels and a lot of other cerulean feathered poultry sailing around and the Infidels all died smelling meat at a frying in hell and calling on J. C. to make it easy for them. But old Bob Ingersoll's last word was "Better" and he died with a smile on his face and didn't call on J. C. worth a cent, and the newspapers got onto it, and now the fad is to die just as sensibly as you have lived, and you only die like a fool when you have lived like a fool.

Talmage knew that that dying words racket was n. g.; that the newspaper boys wouldn't have it, and so he didn't get up anything heavenly to snoot off just before he died, and his last words were the most sensible he ever spoke: "Of course I know you Maud"—that is he knew his own daughter. There are mighty few preachers that know all their own children.

BUCKSHOT, RELIGION "IN KENTUCKY."

At Jackson, Breathitt County, Ky., on Sunday night, April 13, as Dr. B. C. Cox, a wealthy and prominent citizen, was coming out of church, at the close of the service, three loads of buckshot were fired into him, killing him immediately. It is not known who shot him, or why. It's dangerous to go to church in Kentucky.

You musent go to meetin'
In Kentucky;
You'll get an awful beatin'
In Kentucky;
They'll bust you in the head,
And fill you full of lead,
And kill you mighty dead,
In Kentucky.

Leaves His Money to the Campbellite Church.

Joseph F. Hall, of Cincinnati, an Infidel, died, leaving half of his estate of $5,000 to the Central Campbellite Church, and $500 each to several charitable institutions, and nothing to any of his sisters at the house of one of whom he died.

Now some of you Campbellite sky-busters tell me whether Hall is in Heaven or in Hell. I am betting he is in Hell. My people don't want him; you fellows who got the money can have the balance of him.

TALMAGE ISSUE.

The next issue of the Blade will contain articles on Talmage by Mrs. Henry, Dr. Wilson, T. J. Wyscarver and Editor Moore, and will be known as the Talmage issue.

THE RETREAT OF ORTHODOXY

BY JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.

Another retreat of orthodoxy has been made in a sermon preached by Rev. J. Kinsey Smith at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Louisville, Ky., on March 23.

Rev. J. Kinsey Smith's subject was "Jonah." The subject is not a new one. The Bible gentleman Jonah and the Bible character the whale, whom he was most intimately associated with, have been stars on the theological stage for centuries, rivaled only by Adam and the talking snake, who laid the foundation stone of theology. Jonah was an indispensable and able assistant in perfecting the scheme of salvation, for if Jonah had not remained in the whale's belly three days, and then been thrown up on dry land, how could it be proven that Christ lay dead in the grave three days (according to the Bible Christ lay in the grave two nights and one day), and then came up from the grave alive, and with strength to leave the sin-cursed earth and ascend to his "Father in Heaven?" How can any credulous mind fail to see that each of these miracles proves the other? It has always seemed strange to me that the inspired writer in giving the history of Jonah did not plainly state that Jonah being swallowed by a whale, and turning against the whale's stomach came to earth again, was a type of a crucified Savior of the race, who should be put to death by God's chosen people, sleep three days in the bowels of the earth, and then come to earth again. If this had been done, it might not have added to the prominence and immortal fame of Jonah, but it might have resulted in a general acceptance of Christ without the devices, designs and pleadings of orthodoxy for 2,000 years.

No matter how this fish story is disposed of, Jonah is a gentleman that orthodoxy can't keep down any more than the whale could. The Louisville Times said that Dr. Smith's sermon on Jonah was interesting. Why not? Any human being who had passed through such experience as Jonah is interesting both in or out of a sermon.

[illegible]r. Smith said that "the Book of Jo[illegible] had been a storm center for [illegible] and unfriendly criticism, and by many had been held up to ridicule." This should not trouble the orthodox for the only thing on this earth that cannot be ridiculed is the **TRUTH.** Dr. Smith proceeds in his sermon as follows:

"Various schools of thought have applied themselves to the book. One holds that it is a pure work of fiction; another that the story of Jonah is allegorical, after the manner of the parables of the New Testament, and intended to instill the lesson of God's goodness, forgiveness and mercy.

"The evangelical school, however, explained Dr. Smith, held to the strict line of the inspiration and truth of the Book of Jonah. It teaches that Jonah was actually swallowed by the great fish and lived within it until cast up.

"It is no more difficult to believe that Jonah was swallowed by the fish," continued the preacher, "than to believe that Christ expanded the loaves and fishes into enough to feed the multitude or that he turned water into wine. The acceptance of a miracle is an act of faith. Why is it harder to accept one miracle than another?"

One thing is certain, the story of Jonah is a pure fiction, an allegory, or a **FACT.** Fiction and allegory are twins. A parable is defined as a moral fable, an allegory like a parable is also a fable, so both are pure fiction.

The Bible abounds in parable and allegory. They ride rough-shod over truth, common sense, natural law, history, arithmetic, geography and astronomy. The Bible allegory is recognized at once because it is always preposterous, impossible and incredible, yet we are taught that it is but an ambuscade for the truth.

Strange that the Divine Author should not bring poor mystefied humanity face to face with the truth upon the questions on which it is claimed the immortal destiny of the race hangs.

Bible writers alone employ metaphor, allegory and parable to puzzle the reader.

Even in Esop the Arabian Nights, Munchausen, Josephus and Confucius in their ornate, decorative style, made the meaning of their allegories perfectly clear. If the whale really swallowed Jonah, to give to the world a type of Christ lying in the grave three days, it was hard on the whale, harder on Jonah, and the haziest allegory ever presented to the human mind.

Dr. J. Kinsey Smith in his sermon said "he believed that Jonah was actually swallowed by the great fish and **lived within it until cast up."** Dr. [illegible]aid that "it is no more [illegible] to believe that Jonah was swallowed by the fish than to believe that Christ expanded the loaves and fishes into enough to feed the multitude, or that he turned water into wine." It is in fact very difficult to believe either of these, so difficult that the world at large rejects them, and they are believed or preached only by the unevoluted clergy and their credulous flocks. But it is more difficult to believe the Jonah story than that "Christ multiplied the loaves and fishes and changed water into wine."

Neither Jonah nor the whale were God, and it is claimed that Christ **is** God, and the Christian teaching is that "all things are possible with God." Certainly it cannot be claimed that the man Jonah and the big fish could perform such wonders as God.

The Rev. Smith says "the acceptance of a miracle **is an act of faith.** Why is it harder to accept one miracle than another?" It is not, to those who accept on faith all that is preached from the pulpit as truth. A big miracle, or a little one, is entirely acceptable to the mind that inherits its belief.

A book on "Jonah" has been written by a noted theologian, and in it he says that while Jonah was a guest at the marine hotel, he could hear the sea-weed scraping the sides of the great fish, and a picture has been painted showing Jonah sitting at luncheon with a mermaid in one of the private dining rooms of the ocean hostelry. **And this it is claimed forecasts the Last Supper of our Lord held in an upper room at Jerusalem.**

Do we believe these things? Why not? "It is all a matter of faith," as Dr. Smith truly says. Could the most obtuse mind fail to recognize that Jonah while in the whale's stomach taking lunch with a mermaid is a type of the risen Savior instituting the Eucharist?

Certainly not, if faith is strong enough. The Bible teaches that **"faith can remove mountains."** It never has done so up to date. Old Ararat and all the other mountains are just where they were when Moses was in the bullrushes. Earthquakes may have given them a shaking, but the combined faith of the ages has never moved one of them. Of course, we don't know what faith may do hereafter, as it is young yet, only a few thousand years old.

But now listen to Dr. J. Kinsey Smith in his Jonah sermon, and here is where he beats an ungraceful retreat from Bible infallibility and Presbyterian orthodoxy. He says:

"But in the spirit of candor and frankness I desire to say that I should not attempt to read a man out of the church who, after consideration and reflection, came to the conclusion that the story of Jonah is an allegory. That is a matter for his own conscious. No man can prove, or will ever be able to prove, from evidence outside of the Bible, whether the story of Jonah is really history. It is an act of faith and belief whether you accept it as history."

So a person does not have to believe the Jonah part of the Bible to be admitted to Dr. Smith's church. Poor old Jonah, after his rough experience of being evicted by the whale, now orthodoxy knocks him out of the Bible, like Noah's weary dove, he can find no place to rest. If "conscience" can reject the Jonah miracle, how about the other miracles of the Bible? The birth and resurrection of Jesus are stupendous miracles, and as Dr. Smith says of the Jonah story, "No man can prove, or will ever be able to prove, them outside of the Bible, can conscience decide these things by rejecting them along with Jonah and yet the rejector "not be read out of the church? If not, why not?

The truth is, the church does not care what men or women believe, or refuse to believe, so they put their names on the church roll, fill the pews and cast in the coin.

I wish Dr. J. Kinsey Smith or some other "learned divine," would preach a sermon on the 37th chapter of Ezekiel. It contains the champion miracle of the Scriptures. "Jonah and the whale" have to retire in disorder before this miracle. Wonder if the "evangelical school hold to the strict line of the inspiration and truth of the 37th chapter of Ezekiel? or will it allow conscience to accept it in a Pickwickian sense, as Dr. Lyman Abbott says he accepts the book of Jonah? The position of Dr. J. Kinsey Smith is that belief in the inerrant Bible is not necessary to obtain membership in the church. If that is not and orthodoxy retreat, what is it?

Versailles, Kentucky.

$30.00

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A CHRISTIAN

WHO IS ASHAMED TO SIGN HIS NAME.

St. Louis, Mo., April 14, 1902.

Charles C. Moore, Editor, Lexington, Kentucky:

I picked up a copy of the "Blue Grass Blade" a few days ago and upon examining its contents I found it to be so vile that I cannot believe it eminated from a "man, the noblest work of God,"—(from a man in his right mind). Surely you are one of Satan's most zealous emisaries. I cannot understand why you are permitted to publish and distribute such a sheet.

You are a very wicked and immoral person, and it is absurd for you to claim to edit your paper in the interest of good morals.

You are evidently not a student of the Bible. Of course you do not believe that the Bible is the word of God, neither do you believe that there is a God. You are not a Heathen, but you are worse than a Heathen—for they worship the unknown God—I think that you worship Chas. C. Moore.

Ignorant and egotistic you are greatly to be pitied, and my prayer to our Heavenly Father is that you may be brought to a knowledge of the truth. May the Holy Spirit enlighten your mind in the knowledge of God and renew your will and enable you to embrace Jesus Christ, who is so freely offered in His Gospel.

I hope you will stop in your wild career and consider what you are doing against the interest of good morals, and that your eyes may be opened to behold the beauty of the Lord.

In your tirade against inconsistent Christians—why do you condemn all who claim to be Christians—in such harsh terms.

Will you please publish in your p[illegible] some facts concerning the lives and death-bed confessions of some of the most prominent Infidels—and also the grand results and blessings upon the world by the Christian religion. And what has Infidelity done for mankind. "State all facts; no lies."

Will you publish this communication in your next issue, if the Lord will spare your improfitable life to do so. "In Him you live and have your being." May He have mercy on your soul.

If you turn from your wicked way and live—and become a follower of the Saviour—I will then make known to you my name.

* * * * *

ANSWER.

If a man's reputation for good morals and intelligence is good he is always glad to sign his name. If it's bad he won't sign it.

You write a beautiful hand and spell right.

For a good while they did try to keep me from publishing this sheet—fined me; put me in jail and in the penitentiary, threatened to kill me; assaulted me with fists, stick, pistol and other little Christian attentions, but finally gave it up; not enough of them of your way of thinking.

How did you find out I was immoral? You ought to give the specifications. Such indefinite statements from a man who is ashamed to give his name don't count.

Some pretty solid old theologians pronounced me a scholar in the Bible and ordained me to the ministry when I was only about 21 years old.

As to by worshiping Charles C. Moore it is true that a good many people have said I was egotistic, but it has never injured my health. Your abuse of me, mixed up with your prayers for me, sound like you are a hypocrite.

All that racket about Jesus and the Holy Ghost and the Gospel don't count. I don't believe in Ghosts—holy or unholy—and think that nobody but a very ignorant man does believe in them.

All that rot about my eyes being opened to see the beauty of the Lord, has been wasted on me many times before. Give us something fresh or give us a rest. I do not condemn all Christians. I feel sorry for some of the very ignorant ones because I think it possible that they do not know any better. But I despise all people as intelligent as you are who claim to be Christians, for they are all mean just like you are.

If you could put me in the penitentiary, or roast me at a stake, because I don't believe as you do, you would do it.

You are a dangerous, bad citizen, and it's my job to knock out fellows of your kind, and I am going to do it. You are almost certainly known to be a rascal, and that's the reason you don't sign your name. You would probably steal and lie and seduce a woman if you could.

I don't know of any death-bed confessions of any promient Infidels. I know that Ingersoll died with a smile on his face, idolized by his wife and children. I know he was a kind man, because I experienced his kindness. He was not ashamed to sign his name to anything he wrote, even to a hundred dollar check to help the poor. I don't know of any grand results and blessings from the Christian religion. I know about Torquemada and Phillip 2nd, and St. Bartholomew's Eve, and the Inquisition and the burning of Hypatia and Bruno and the wars with China and the Philippines and the Boers—all "results" of the Chirstian religion, but not considered "blessings" by good people.

To tell the good that Infidelity has done for mankind would take a whole book.

I will give you only some samples of men of modern times that Infidelity has produced. Abraham Lincoln, who destroyed the Christian institution of slavery; Ingersoll, the greatest orator that America ever produced. Mark Twain, the greatest humorist who ever lived; Edison, the greatest scientist who ever lived; Carnegie, the greatest giver of money and patron of learning that ever lived.

Infidelity gave to the world, Lick, the greatest patron of astronomy; Loe Tolstoy, the greatest philanthropist who ever lived. Li Hung Chang and Wu Ting Fang, the greatest combinations of finance statesmanship, morals and learning of modern days. Kentucky Infidelity gave to the world May L. Collins, hte most wonderful girl ever born in America, except Hellen Keller, and it gaye James Lane Allen, the most beautiful of American writers.

The leading Christians of the world—one of them in the last few days has gone to hell, and another one is about to go there—are Leo XIII., Talmage, Sam Jones, Edward VII., Emperor William and Czolgosz. If your God had sent us a rattlesnake in place of each of these he would have done a better job than he commonly does.

I have just gotten another letter from St. Louis, your town. The writer was a poor boy, and I had money and made great sacrifice to help him. He is now very rich and for years has expressed great admiration of me. I lately wrote him that I was hard run for money and wanted assistance to buy a linotype. He wrote me the most abusive letter I ever got. He is a good Methodist.

You are really a Christian or a mugwump Infidel, who has written this letter to hear my reply. No genuine Infidel is willing to pose as a Christian, for the purpose of perpetrating a joke that would cause me loss of time and money.

MISS STONE

The Missionary—Why the Heathen Didn't Eat Her.

I am a heathen and I have seen many a pretty woman here in Kentucky that I could eat like strawberries with sugar and cream, but durned if I wouldn't have to be awful hungry before I could eat a steak off that Stone woman that we paid the heathen $75,000 to get back.

There's a picture of her in the New York World representing her as she stepped off the ship onto this country. She's got her eyes turned heavenward to look like a saint, and all she lacks is side-whiskers to make her look like old Oom Paul Kruger.

The Somerset County Democrat (I don't know what state) says:

"Miss Stone, the American missionary, and her companion, Mme. Tsilka, have been released again. This time the story is true, the Bulgarian brigands have our ransom money and the women have their freedom. The startling part of it is the announcement that Mme. Tsilka's husband, who, by the way, is a preacher, was the principal in the plot to carry the women off. If this story turns out to be true we'll have to vote Rev. Tsilka a very bad preacher, but a very long-headed rascal. If he should get his share of the big pile of ransom money he would demonstrate that it is, perhaps, better to steal one's own wife than another man's."

The Ohio Penitentiary News, that I used to edit and, by the way, it's a good little paper, has this item about her:

"My whole aim now is to pay the ransom. This debt is more important than saving souls," said Miss Stone, and this point of view does honor to herself and raises the credit of missionaries, even among the opposition.

STOLE A BIBLE.

A Deaf Mute Given One Year In the Penitentiary.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 2. — James Mason, a deaf mute, has been sentenced to one year in the penitentiary after entering a plea of guilty to the unusual charge of stealing a Bible.

The fact that at the time of the theft he had concealed the sacred book in some bed clothing belonging to Nancy Spears, the owner of the volume and had forgotten to send the clothing back, added to the severity of his sentence.

Judge Shackelford Miller after sentencing Mason made a subscription of $1 to a fund which was speedily collected and the prisoner left for Frankfort bearing with him a Bible presented to him by the Judge and the officers of the court.

CHARGED WITH HERESY.

Lebanon, Ill., April 10.—Because of the authorship of a book advocating the doctrine of reincarnation of souls, and offering scriptural reference in support thereof, Rev. Columbus Bradford has been removed from the pastorate of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Okawville, to which he was appointed last year, and at the next meeting of the Lebanon District Conference he will be called on to answer the charge of heresy.

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TIME TABLE.

(St. Louis-Louisville Line.)
Corrested February 1, 1902.
SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

	No. 4	No. 10	No. 6
Lv. Lex	5:15 am	7:35 am	3:50 pm
Lv. Ver.	5:37 am	8:03 am	4:18 pm
Lv. Law.	6:02 am	8:25 am	4:40 pm
Lv. Shel.	6:40 am	9:15 am	5:30 pm
Ar. UdLou	8:05 am	10:45 am	7:00 pm
Ar. UdStL	7:20 pm		7:32 am
Ar. Evans.	1:30 pm	1:30 pm	10:00 am

No. 4 handles from Lawrenceburg to Louisville sleeper from Birmingham and Chattanooga via Burgin.

No. 2 handles from Lawrenceburg to St. Louis sleeper from Charleston via Burgin.

No. 6 handles parlor cars from Lexington to Louisville.

Three trains daily between Louisville and Lexington.

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W. G. MORGAN, D. T. A., Lexington, Ky.
C. C. STEWART, T. P. A., Lexington, Ky.
C. H. HUNGERFORD, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.
G. B. ALLEN, A. G. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.
H. B. SPENCER, Gen. Mg'r., St. Louis, Missouri.

ARRESTED ON SERIOUS CHARGE.

C. J. Joines, Peddler and Evangelist, Said to Have Assaulted a Child.

C. J. Joines, a peddler and itinerant evangelist, is in jail charged with criminal assault upon Sarah Reigel, an 11-year-old girl. The girl says the assault occurred Tuesday at Shelby and Main streets, where Joines sometimes gave talks to those who attended services at the Echo Mission. It was only after much persuasion that the child told her mother of the alleged assault. She said that Joines threatened to kill her if she told. He denies the charge brought by the child.—Courier-Journal.

APPROPRIATE NAME.

Eckmansville, Ohio.

MR. C. C. MOORE:

Sir:—I wrote you some time ago asking you to send no more of your obnoxious publications to my address. But they still come. I think you will see the folly of sending them here when I tell you that I neither read them myself or (?) permit any one else to. As soon as they come out of the office I burn them and shall continue to do so with every copy that comes.

L. E. GREENHORN.

Comment.—Your name comes mighty near sizing you up. You are a Greenhorn.

Your childish rage don't hurt me any. Some body has paid for the paper and sent it to you. The gentlemanly way, if you don't want it is to ask your postmaster to notify me that the paper is "Refused." He is paid to do that. Your ill-tempered card simply exposes you and your religion and makes Infidels.

WILSON'S LECTURES.

The two lectures by Dr. Wilson, which are now published in pamplets, "Is the Christian Immortality a normal desire of the human mind," and "Imperialistic Ecclesiastic and Economic Tyranny the cause of Anarchy," are meeting with ready sales. Their popularity is attested by the fact that all extra editions of Blades in which they were both published were snapped up in orders of tens, twentys and hundreds. We can offer our readers no better propogandic literature, the one theologic and the other socialistic. The vital question discussed in these lectures should be put into the hands of every one. You can all afford to pass a few of these around.

I have placed myself in debt by publishing a large quantity of these pamphlets, and I hope the readers will assist and relieve me by purchasing them at once. You will not only be helping me, but help forward the good-work.

The prices of the pamplets on "Immortality" is 15 cents or 8 for $1. On the "Causes of Anarchy" 10 cents or 12 for $1.

J. E. HUGHES.

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Grand Junction, Col., April 10, 1902.

Please change J. W. Sawyer, 356 East Market, Louisville, Ky., to this place.

Mulligan is wrong; the sunshine is the brightest in Colorado, but he is right about politics "in Kentucky."

Yours truly, J. W. SAWYER.

* * * * *

Comment.—Old-time readers of the Blade will remember with pleasure Bro. Sawyer's name. He was formerly editor of the "Southern Journal" in Louisville, a Prohibition paper. He is now an enthusiastic Socialist.

LEXINTON & EASTERN RALIWAY.

Eastbound.

Stations.	No. 2 Daily Ex. Sunday. P. M.	No. 4 Daily Ex. Sunday. A. M.
Lv. Lexington	2:10	7:40
Lv. Winchester	2:55	8:25
Lv. L. & E. Junction	3:07	8:37
Lv. Clay City	3:40	9:13
Lv. Stanton	3:51	9:23
Lv. Natural Bridge	4:20	9:54
Lv. Torrent	4:34	10:08
Lv. Beattyville Junc.	4:56	10:29
Ar. Jackson	6:00	11:30

Westbound.

Stations.	No. 1. Daily Ex. Sunday. A. M.	No. 3. Daily Ex. Sunday. P. M.
Lv. Jackson	1:20	6:25
Lv. Beattyville Junc.	2:18	7:26
Lv. Torrent	2:39	7:47
Lv. Natural Bridge	2:52	8:01
Lv. Stanton	3:23	8:28
Lv. Clay City	3:33	8:37
Lv. L. & E. Junction	4:03	9:10
Lv. Winchester	4:15	9:23
Ar. Lexington	5:00	10:10

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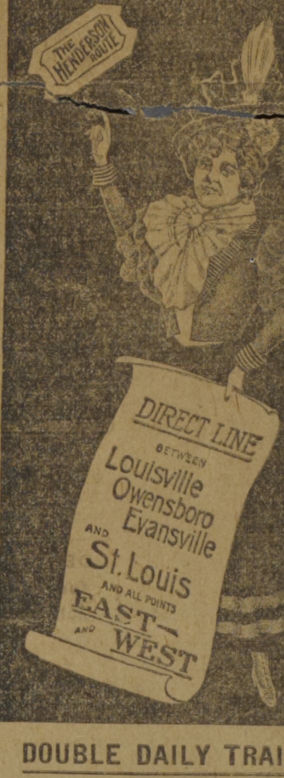

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THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

BY FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

For Sale, in Book Form, by The Book-Lover Press, New York City.

This is the Most Wonderful Poem of The 20th Century—Charles C. Moore.

The weary sun, with wavering throbs of light,
Crowned by the crimson of its clouds, had set
Upon the vine-loved hills of Olivet,
Leaving them guarded by the stars and Night.

The patient brook of Kidron murmured faint
Above its pebbles, as it loitered by,
While peace incomparable filled the sky,
And no bird uttered there a wooing plaint.

The dew-blest rushes bowed as if in prayer,
No leafy sound perturbed the conscious calm,
The flowers, it seemed, gave forth a suaver balm;
Expectancy most holy filled the air.

And One, the Son of God, the spotless Christ,
Walked thither with His Father to commune,
Then to Gethsemane, where roses strewn,
His worn and wandering sandals had enticed.

Then to Gethsemane, to humbly pray
Amid the birds and buds less pure than He,
There to muse calmly, from all passion free,
Until the rosy advent of the day.

For his reproachless spirit was serene,
The gross temptations and the frequent guiles
That had beset his path, with prayers and smiles
He had resisted, while His soul was clean.

And, following Him unto this quiet glade,
Came Peter, whom He loved, with John and James,
Men of sweet werth dowered with immortal aims,
To watch upon the Purity that prayed!

And in the shade crepuscular and dim,
They rested, while He wandered on alone,
To speak of sins that He had never known,
While solemnly they there awaited Him.

Now God was greatly pleasured by the sight,
And when the Savior in contrition knelt
To crave His blessings, the great God-heart felt
That it would spare Him for the world, that night.

Spare Him and lend Him increase of fair years,
To preach unto mankind, to soothe, to save,
To lessen the dire terrors of the grave,
To cast forth wrongs, and dry afflicting tears.

He still shall prosper, God superbly said,
With pious touch and with accustomed zeal
The banes and blights of multitudes to heal,
To aid the helpless, resurrect the dead.

But ere He give salvation unto men,
Ere He redeem their perishable dust,
Before He gaineth my unfaltering trust,
His faith unshaken must be tried again.

Then, the blithe birds, enraptured by Christ's prayer,
Broke thro' the silence with exultant notes,
For He had ceased; and praises from their throats,
Melodious and sweet, refreshed the air.

And Jesus Christ arose to seek the day,
While Heaven itself was dawning in His eyes,
But as He stirred, in wondering surprise,
A strange shape passed before Him on the way.

A miracle of loveliness, a form
Of woman, fashioned from no mortal clay,
A creature fairer than creation's day,
With tempting love-lips, amorously warm.

No living thing His Godhead ever made,
Had fallen upon His unsuspecting sight
As far as this white lily of the night,
While in serenities of prayer He prayed.

No thing; and then she spake, and all her words,
Blent with the warning breezes, seemed to him
Like sighings lovable of cherubim—
Aye, like the murmur of the souls of birds.

"Oh, Christ, sweet Christ," she whispered, "have not fear,
I am the angel of the Lord august;
To Thee and me He hath now given His trust,
[illegible]r for Thy welfare sends me
[illegible]
[illegible] and love,
[illegible]d supreme re-
[illegible]ishes of the

Such are His mandates uttered from above.

"My body for Thy body most divine
Was formed to please, until the certain grave.
I am for all eternity Thy slave;
I but obey—lo, take me, I am Thine."

And, while the fascinating marvel spake,
Her star eyes, like two treacherous sparks of Hell,
Upon Him with a tempting glitter fell,
Her arm entwined Him like a sinuous snake.

"No, no, this cannot be," the Saviour cried.
"Thou com'st to doom me with those perfect eyes,
The light within them harms and falsifies.
Thou art not God-sent; get thee from my side!"

"For hours in prayer My forehead have I bowed;
My kind disciples seek Me even now,
Their hearts are purer than thy radiant brow;
Go! leave me!" and He called to them them aloud.

But wondrous spells, God-bidden came to blot
The memory of the Master from their minds;
His voice was lost amid the rushing winds,
And, sleeping, the disciples heard Him not.

Then like a moonbeam, that in beauty slips
Forth from a cloud's impenetrable gloom,
That woman, made from shadow and in the bloom
Of beauty, placed her flower lips on His lips.

"Oh, Man," she murmured, "art Thou so unwise
To spurn the gift Thy Father gives to Thee?
Hast thou not eyes to worship and to see
The unsolved secrets hidden in my eyes?

Thy life of foolish chastity must end,
So hath it now been willed; Thou must obey.
Have I not told to Thee the Lord did say
Our essences eternally should blend?

Why shouldst Thou feebly hesitate to share
With me Thy right, made mine, and now enmesh
Thy sad virginity within this flesh,
Oh, Man of idle fantasies and prayer?

Art Thou a fool, to cast aside and waste
The opportunities, of trust and truth,
That give Thee for eternities my youth?
Canst Thou spurn Nature's laws and [illegible] be chaste?

Canst Thou, half God, half human, dare revile
Or hush the pleasure offered unto Thee?
Do tired birds shun the shelter of a tree?
Canst Thou resist the languor of my smile?

Ah, no! Ah, no! Speak now not of Thy God!
Mine eyes have burned in Thine their lasting fire,
I am Thy passion, I am Thy desire,
Thy godliness must swoon before my nod.

"Answer; I hold Thee, flesh and spirit fast,
Thy morbid dreamy whims have vanished now.
Gaze on the whiteness of my breast and brow,
And tell me if Thy purity shall last?"

And Christ, bewildered by her ardent glance,
With new-born fervors palpitantly shook;
The ghost of purity His limbs forsook—
Prayerless, inert, He stood as in a trance.

By powers he ne'er had felt before compelled,
Like some snake-snared and fascinated dove,
He sought the danger of her lips and love,
While to her lips His seeking lips were held.

And he succumbed; He, the most pure and meek,
In awful dawn of sinning, yet did bless,
In human wise, her love and loveliness,
And, lost by love, and loving, did not speak.

He felt that then His sinless life of bliss,
His days of piety unique and rare,
Had vanished in the rustle of her hair,
Had faded in the clinging of her kiss.

He knew that when He spread protecting arms
Around deserted lepers it was sweet,
But sweeter far, of ravishment complete,
Was the warm willing contact of her charms.

Then man grew in the God, the God in man,
And in Christ's heart there dwelt imperious greeds,
Vague, boundless passions, and enormous needs,
Desires unnamed that mortals could not span.

And, as the mystic perfume of her breath
Fanned with soft warmth the pallor of His cheek,
In esctasy of passion He did speak,
Heedless of all, defying God and Death.

The joy of joys was His in that one hour,
The years of fast and continence restrained
Were in that moment haughtily regained,
He sought love only and knew no other power.

And with impetuous fervor He did cry,
"Oh, my beloved, on the dim hills away
Behold the golden harbinger of day!
Let us go hence, ere the sweet night doth die.

"Let us go hence to lands of bud and balm,
To Greece—that dreams beneath the flawless sky,
To Greece—where it is sweet to live and die,
To live and love in ecstasy and calm.

"My soul, by thee enslaved, is thine alone,
I, who am God, heed not the God on high,
I scorn His starry splendors and defy
His boundless power, that makes the sad sea moan.

"For thee alone, oh wonder, oh desire,
For thee alone my dazzled senses burn,
Thy lips have bidden my manliness return,
Thy kiss has purified me like a fire.

"Ah do not in thy pallid frailty shrink
Like gentle roses smitten by the blast;
The blight of God, my Father will not cast
One harm upon thee: I am God, I think.

"I will protect thee from His ire and scorn,
My arm will be a shield against His hate.
I love thee; hasten, we cannot await
Until the rosy advent of the morn."

But from Him, as he spake, her form had crept
And, like a swallow darting through a cloud,
Vanished: and then, with guilty brows down bowed,
The wretched Saviour penitently wept.

Wept for His saddest sin with scalding tears,
The one sad sin that tainted all His heart,
Sharper than a viper's sudden dart,
He felt new grief and unsuspected fears.

For God departed from Him, and remorse
Assailed the fevered vortex of His brain.
The callous temptress did not come again,
Even love had flown and left Him no resource.

Yet, with long palpitations of despair,
He sought her, in His frenzy and unrest,
With eager eyes by madnesses possessed,
But found her not, and he did tear His hair.

He found her not, for the same God that sent
Her beauty to Him bade her swiftly flee
To one deserted spot in Galilee,
There to abide and wait His malcontent.

For God was sorely angered at the fall
And sudden worship He had given to her;
His Son impeccable had stooped to err,
His anger fell upon Him like a pall.

And from His throne, with swift and dooming breath,
He bade the assembled hosts of Heaven, dismayed,
Lead forth the sinner who had disobeyed,
To shame and to oblivion and death.

Then thro' the glades there rose an ominous sound—
The rush of armored men, by Judas led;
The cedars trembled from their brutal tread,
And Jesus, mute, was in the torchlight found.

And Judas kissed Him on His tinglying cheek,
Still warm with other kisses like a fire,
Still throbbing with an uncontrolled desire;
Kissed Him and held Him—and Christ did not speak!

And Peter, roused from slumber, in despair,
Rushed with impetuous valor to defend
From any foe his Master and his friend,
And smote the servant Malchus sorely there.

"Protect Thyself," he cried, "Oh, Master kind,
From these dull brutes who wish Thy death, and say
One only word—and they will fade away
Like withered, wind-tost leaves," but Christ resigned,

Offered no firm resistance, and confused
He stood all haggard by His useless quest.
For hope and love abandoned His breast,
And wordless, He was captured and accused.

Then before Pontius Pliate He was brought,
Jeered at each step, crowned with invading thorns,
The buffets of the rabble and their scorns,
Still dazed and vexed by labyrinths of thought.

No vestige of divinity or pride
Moved Him; thro' all that sad and questioning hour,
The Lord swayed like a temptest-stricken flower,
And He was judged, and He was crucified.

But when the cross-nails rent each suffering limb,
Pain worked in His mind the sense of wrong
He had committed, and the brutal throng
Heard words repentant from His lips to Him

Who took new pity on His helpless frame,
Pardoned and promised rarer life again,
And while the thieves besides Him writhed in pain,
His spirit Heavenward soared, and slow night came.

And now it after came to pass that she,
The creature so lovely and so fair,
Who by her wantonness the rare,
Pure soul of Jesus, mourned in Galilee.

Sequestered in a sad and sombre spot,
She wondered how the birds that brought her food
Had winged their way unto such solitude;
And the birds loathed her, though she knew it not.

God bade them nourish and they did obey,
But with a tremulous rustle of scared wings,
As if they had seen an adder, mute, with stings,
They only touched the ground and flew away.

And there, within a place that beasts would shun,
A desolate waste uncaravaned and wild,
She travailed and gave birth unto a child,
Her son and Christ's, and image of God's Son.

A babe whose beauty earth had never know,
The fruit of loves celestial and unique,
Who lay upon her bosom, frail and weak,
And yet with all the strength of God his own.

And the child grew to prattle on her knee,
A smiling paragon of mirth and grace,
A seraph-light and glory in his face,
A glory that no mortal eye might see.

But God was unappeased, though very dear
And potent to Him was the infant's smile,
It's purity, beyond its Father's guile,
Turned not His wrath implacably austere.

And so He bade the lightning from above
In dizzy searching zigzags of swift flame,
To strike down the mother of His Son's sad shame,
And smite the helpless offspring of their love.

And death for this left deathless land and sea.
Glad [illegible] such high command [illegible] and there died
The child in innocence, undeified,
The mother, made that this fell thing should be.

And then God was appeased, for he had doomed
The soul of the fair temptress to naught;
Annihilation left her name unsought,
Her whiteness by His darkness had been gloomed.

But the sweet spirit of sweet Christ, His Son,
God's Son, so perfect and divine,
He saved to be the everlasting sign
For men to worship and to look upon.

He spared it for His own all-nameless views,
To blend in many subtile shapes, and burn
In ways unknown to mortals, and return
To earth that saw its birth, yet nothing lose.

And, through succeeding generations, He
Ordained the Holy Spirit should descend,
Forever and forever without end,
Embodied in humanities to be!

And then He bade, by His unfaltering laws,
This Godhead enter in the flesh of men,
There to remain until death came, and then
The blest receiver should not know the cause.

Men who were by the strangest whims distressed,
They who were mighty among all mankind,
They whose thoughts filled the universal mind,
All fated, fatal souls the germ possessed.

Of brains prodigious it did form a part,
Warriors invincible received its dower,
It gave to women beauty, and its power
Stirred sweet song in many a poet's heart.

Whimful, fantastic, with eternal change,
It fired the pure, the cruel, and the wise,
And until death drooped heavy 'pon their eyes,
It held them in thraldom strong and strange.

Oh, wondrous metamorphosis of soul!
The very essence of the Child divine
Lived in the tyrant's bosom saturnine,
And in the martyr's viewless aureole.

No mortal chosen by this fatal God
Dared pass uninterrupted life away,
His days were days of anguishful dismay,
He learned to loathe the ground whereon he stood.

And when Jehovah, moody, did declare
His wish to tempt a pure and new-born soul,
The Germ—the Christ, passively at His control,
Sought it and doomed [illegible] despair.

Caesar to gory victories it led,
His genius unaware obeyed its call,
While the vine-fecund valley lands of Gaul
Teemed with combative hosts and loyal dead.

In Nero's mirth-mad mind it found a home,
His violent whims were by its will conveyed,
And this it was that urged him, undismayed,
To sneer amid the ravage of his Rome.

It bloomed again, as new Mays bloom with flowers,
Within the all-tender heart of Angelo,
And by transitions, wonderful and slow,
To Shakespere's brain it brought transcendent powers.

Unchanged, yet changing evermore, this ghost
Of God's divinity possessed the earth,
Dying with death and resurrect in birth,
Haunting the souls God loved or hated most.

Its grandeur, which no eye hath looked upon,
Shone with red awe, without a flake of blame,
On Jena's carnage and on Wagram's flame,
Throned in the God-mind of Napoleon.

And thus for countless ages it will live,
By men named Genius, and in every clime,
Until the dolorous ending of all time,
Until the world hath nothing more to give.

And when our earth to atoms has been hurled,
In the dim future, peopled with vague fear,
It still will live in many another sphere,
And sway creation in another world.

Forever and forever it will soar,
Most glorified, in unknown planets far,
And in the glory of an unknown star,
Men now unborn its glory will adore.

For that one sin of Christ's can never die,
The pardon dealt cannot for all atone,
And His Son's spirit, mystical, alone,
Must bless or curse the aeons that pass by.
And its celestial grandeur and disgrace
Will ever live, in substance and in void,
Until God's own creation is destroyed,
And disappears with Him in awful space!

$433.50

Subscribed for the Linotype Up to April 24.

At the time I write this, March 14, $176 has been subscribed on the amount of $500 that I ask for to make the first payment on a linotype machine, believing that I can pay the balance in the instalments that are allowed.

If more than this is subscribed by the time this goes to press for the Blade of March 23, the large figures at the top of this account will be changed to show the amount.

Of course I cannot tell any better than any of you can, whether or not I will get the $500. I guess that my chances are about even—one out of two.

If I get that $500, I am going to start, on the very next day, on my effort to get 100,000 readers for the Blade in three years, if I live, with the belief that the work will be earnestly prosecuted by my friends if I die before that time is out.

In all my work with the Blade my efforts have been, until this time, to establish the literary and moral character of the paper.

In this I have been far more successful than I anticipated in the beginning. When the number of persons who enjoy the Blade, and the amount of real enjoyment of each, are taken into consideration, I doubt if there is a newspaper in the world that surpasses the Blue Grass Blade.

I am perfectly independent now regarding the fine matter that is to go into this paper each week. I may not make the scratch of a pen, and yet there will be supplied, each week, from the finest Infidel newspaper writers, abundance of matter to put twice as much into this paper as it ordinarily has; and that is what I intend to do. Beside this there are continually coming to the Blade articles from new correspondents of both sexes and all ages, from fifteen to ninety, in prose and poetry—things that are good and ought to be printed.

Of course there is much that my "waste barrel" catches, when return stamps are not sent.

I do not intend to slack any of my personal energy as a writer for this paper, but if I can only get that $500, I intend to put into an increase of the circulation of this paper, an energy far in excess of anything that I have ever yet exerted.

The "Appeal to Reason," a Socialist paper has attained a circulation of 120-000. It is true that Socialism, like religion and politics, has dollars and cents in it—supposably at least—for its friends, and it is quite a different thing for an Infidel paper, that is simply a matter of principle and morals, to gain such a circulation as that, but—if I can get the $500 for the linotype—I intend to try for 100,000 readers of the Blade in three years from the day that $500 is secured. I intend to print in large figures on the margin of each issue of the Blade the number of that issue that is printed so that all can see whether I am accomplishing my plan.

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DEVELOPMENT IN THE [torn] GRASS.

(From Moultrie Observer, April 11, 1902.

About twenty years ago, on a cool lonesome Sunday evening in the month of February, I took a walk, all alone, down the Albany branch of the S. F. & W. Ry. from Pelham, in Mitchell county, to Meigs, in Thomas county, Ga. This vast longleaf pine forest of Southwest Georgia was then an unbroken wilderness—only excepting an occasional saw mill set, or chop or hack of the turpentine hunter, with now and then a small clearing and a peeled pole residence; and such men as Wilkes, Carter, Davis, Vick, Mize, Hagood, Huber, Culpepper, etc., etc., along the way and around the then new postoffice called "Meigs," would insist that the whole of this country, aside from the whole pasturage of the wiregrass and the turpentine and lumber interests, was worthless, and that crops of corn, oats and vegetables took more value in cost of fertilizer to produce them, than the value of the crops when matured; and as a consequence of such a notion as this, lands that had been turpentined for miles around, could be bought for a song and you could sing it yourself. Even J. L. Hand, of Pelham, argued there was no value in the immense crops of "crab" grass that grew up and covered every potato patch, melon field, corn farm, or after oats in summer and fall, but now all is changed; J. L. Hand, more than ten years ago, was selling this same "worthless crab grass," or after grass—cut with a McCormick mower, raked with a spring tooth sulkey rake and baled with a machine—by the car load. And Albany merchants inaugurated the "Hay Carnival," "Straw Ride," "Street Fair and Fall Festival," growing out of the cutting of this luscious fall crop with the machine, instead of pulling and tieing in bundles of hay and sand. And now go over this same ground you'll find half the whole country cleared up and producing in sugar cane, sweet syrup, cow peas, goover peas, rice, cotton, watermelons, peaches, pears, plums, May berries, straw berries, sweet grapes, etc., as much in clear profit and gross value per acre as the rich praries of Illinois or the blue grass region of Kentucky; and they sing a very different song now to that of "twenty years ago." Then I could do the singing and buy at my own price of a few cents per acre; now they do the singing and sell at their own price, and at almost as many dollars per acre as it was cents then. And it's just about the same experience here around Moultrie, where I came and pitched my tent and went to house keeping on a six dollar outfit in Col. Patterson's old Peter O. Wing "Pole Palace" on West Broad street, Moultrie—now directly West of a $25,000 brick court house and a just a little to the South of a $20,000 "Hotel de Colquitt."

But all is "developing" and going through a change. Soon the song of the "whip poor will" and the hoot of the owl will go with the hunter's rifle and wolf pit to the archives of history and such things will be no more a fact present—only a memory.

Only yesterday I, with half a dozen car loads of earnest, hungering souls, all seeking something to please, something new, something original in the line of song, music, preaching, lecture or religion, were whirled over the T. T. & G. Ry. to Tifton, some twenty-five miles north, to hear the mental satirist, the religious clown, the Christian humorist, the clerical iconoclast and holy deception's relentless foe, Sam Jones, preach, and the Tifton musical cult sing;—we got the music sweet enough and good enough to make all hands wish and pray to "stay right here for heaven" instead of missing such a life, with no certainty of anything half so good or so well understood in some foreign and unknown existence, away in the cloudy beyond where we are supposed to go when worn out with old age or so dead from pain and disease that we wouldn't know a good thing from a bad if each were piled miles deep all around us—my, I can hear that music yet. It's a solace all the bright sunny day and a real heaven in my dreams on the soft pillow of the night. And I hope for such human intellect divine as will soon take us all safely into that new and glorious realm of life where human drops his scales and claws and the tadpole tail—as it were—and takes up a reason as his guide and life chart, and relegates to the rear, animal instinct, which he has chosen as his emblem token or ruler, secular, profane, sacred or divine, in all the former ages. But I digress.

I was talking of the "Development of the Wire Grass." I was talking about how little the old time settlers of this part of Georgia really thought of this part of the country; when a person could buy it for a song and sing it your self and you need not be of the sweet singers of Tifton either, any old song would do; provided you mixed in a little cash (and the more cash the better) and you could acquire titles to lands all over this forest land, of ozone and pine; but go out on any rail road or dirt road now, and try to sing the gophers into their holes, and sing titles out of the settlers of this once condemned wilderness of waste and want, and you would find the other fellow doing the sing song business; and that it takes dollars, instead of cents, to buy real estate anywhere all over the long straw belt.

I have said, and heard said, a great deal within the last four or five years about the whiskey business, and its effect on the people and business of Moultrie, and now I am back here, after more than year's absence, I find that the whiskey or drunkard trade of Moultrie was voted out last year, and I naturally had a great curiosity to see and know and meet with and talk to the people of the town, since the license business was out lawed; and I find every former saloonist to be here wearing good clothes, looking well, healthy, cleanly and happy, and all without acception, meet me with a smile and a hearty hand shake—and some of these same men used to look daggers and danger at me, for opposing their trade—but now I see and know that some five to ten thousand dollars per month, that once had to go out of Moultrie to pay for intoxicants and license, stay right on here, and do business at the old stand, month in and month out, and [torn] out, and if perchance [torn]ldings that were used for [torn] harm, are idle, its only a [torn] of a short time until something better takes their place, and as the ten to fifteen thousand feet of white and yellow pine lumber per acre, is cut and cleared from these piney woods acres, and farming in real sensible and studied earnest is taken up, and drinking and fighting and lawing is dropped, there be much more room needed in this healthy and fertile country; so lets all, let our text be "Development" in the right, instead of devilment to the mind and right.

GEORGE McCORMICK.

Of Globe A—Planet Eve—Or The World We Live In. April 7th, 1902.

KISSES IN CHURCH CHOIR? SHOCKING!

Baritone Is Accused of Indulging Fair Singers In Osculation.

PITTSBURG, March 5.—Kissing in the church choir!

This is the charge the congregation of the Cheswick Presbyterian Church will sift tomorow night. One of the deacons, who sings baritone , has been accused of having won the affections of two fair members of the choir and exchanging kisses with them while the congregation was listening to the sermon.

The Rev. Isaac Revenaugh, the pastor, admitted today that he had heard the reports from excellent authority, and that he had insisted on their investigation.

He is discouraged as to the future of his flock on account of the high standing of the persons involved.

* * * * *

Application was made for a new trial yesterday in the case of Mrs. Sarah E. McCloy, the East End widow, who was awarded $2,500 damages against Rev. John M. Thomas, pastor of the Union Baptist Church, South Nineteenth street.

"YARNING" IS GOOD.

The Lexington Leader has a lot of pious rot eulogising old Talmage to the skies—the nearest he will ever come to getting there.

In the article appears the following: "He was a man of great brain and a great yarning, sympathetic heart."

Of course "yarning" is a typographical error for "yearning" but it shows that the clickety-click machine wanted to tell the truth when the editor didn't.

If I ever get the rino for my lino I am not going to have any such bad breaks as that.

Talmage certainly had a "gerat yarning heart." He was as big a liar as Zachary.

Didn't Knock Him Crazy.

Kinsley, Ohio, April 15, 1902.

B. G. BLADE:

Dear Mr. Moore—My subscription has expired and I know it. I miss your paper and can't think of having you stop it—too dam rich to do without. I have been told your paper would make me crazy, but as I notice no symptoms as yet I will risk another year. So please find enclosed $1.00 to send her along. Yours for success,

A. W. KLEPINGER.

Answer.—If it don't hurt me to write it I don't think it would hurt you to read it. I may have been a little cranky when I began it, from having been a preacher, but I don't see that I am getting any worse.

KIDDER'S "VIRGIN MARY"

The Blade has now printed the 5th edition of Kidder's "Virgin Mary," the most famous Infidel article of its length ever written. It is a book that made the story of the birth of Jesus Christ so ridiculous that I believe one great reason that I was not sent to the penitentiary a second time for printing it, is that the **presiding judge in the United St[ates]** Court was afraid to have it read to the jury because it would have made the whole court room uncontrollable with laugther.

Price of it was formerly 10 cents each of 12 ofr $1. We sell now sell them 10 cents each or 15 for $1.

I believe the Blade will sell 100,000 of **the "Virgin Mary."**

How the Blade Sells In Lexington.

George Smith, a nice boy who wears a smile on his face and a flower in his button hole, also wears good clothes. He told me that the Blade was the first paper he ever sold and that he expected to sell it as long as he lived. I was at my office today, April 14, and George, familiarly know as "Rubber," came in to get more papers to sell. Mr. Hughes had none to spare him. He sold 275 of the issue os Sunday, April 13. He paid 1 cent a piece for them and sold them for 5 cents each, a profit to him of $11.00 for about two days work, beside laying up treasure in heaven by doing good.

RELIGIOUS.

Milton Sheets was hanged for murder. He walked to the scaffold singing "Nearer my God to Thee" and having two preachers. He took the sacrament just before climbing the golden stair. He "displayed great coolness." He probably got warmer in the place he went to.

The Spirit of '76 Still Lives.

The paper weight from the hickory tree that grew out of Tom Paine's grave for the State Library of New York, will be presented to the Mayor and Common Council for their adoption, to be put in the State Library at Albany, at their next regular meeting. The paper weight weighs two pounds.—New Era, New Rachelle, N. Y.

TALKED RIGHT OUT IN MEETING

And Told the Ministers a Thing or Two About the Saving of Souls.

DENVER, COL., April 7—Lieutenant Governor D. C. Coates, President of the State Federation of Labor, stirred up a hornets' nest in the ministerial alliance this morning when, by invitation, he told the ministers why the working classes did not go to church.

During the delivery Coates was repeatedly hissed, and when interrupted by a minister calling him a hireling, he retorted: "You are the hireling. You are supported by the blood money wrung from the smelter laborer who worked 13 hours a day for a pittance that your millionaire patron may have more money to hoard. Yes, you churchmen are filling the brothels by toadying to the owners of department stores who will not pay living wages to the poor girls condemned to serve behind the counters.

"You know what infamous business your deacons and trustees are engaged in and you are afraid to condemn their nefarious means of accumulating wealth. You, by your silence, are driving thousands to drunkenness, suicide and perdition. Help the working classes to escape the hell on earth and the workingmen will listen to your talk of hell in the hearafter."

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Elgin, "Veritas," 23 jl's., $29; No. 150 or 181, 21 jl's., $25; "Raymond," 19 jl's., or "Father Time," 21 jl's., $20; "Raymond," 17 jl's., $18.50; Waltham, "Vanguard," 23 jl's., $29; same, 21 jl's., $25; "Crescent Str.," 21 jl's., $20; "Appleton Tracy and Co.," 17 jl's., (nickle) $16; The New Hamilton "940," 17 jl's., $20.

All in 3 or 4 ounce silverine screw cases, prepaid, with guarantee. In finest 14 kt. filled gold cases, warranted 25 years, $6 more.

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The Blade is now made the direct distributing agency for the most valuable and latest additions to the scientific-liberal literary world. We have on hand the following intellectual gems of literature which should be read by every Liberal who Desires to be fortified in Freethought argument and knowledge:

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